THE NATION

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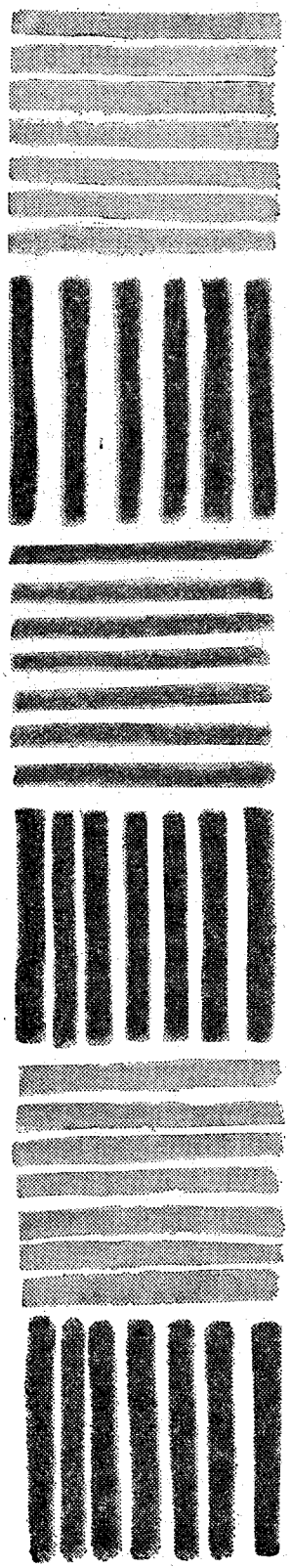

LAST CHANCE FOR DE GAULLE

Alexander Werth

SKY PIRATES OVER LISBON

A First-Hand Account

Henrique Galvao

GEORGE ROMNEY

New Hope for the GOP?

B. J. Widick

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LETTERS

Peace Lobby

Dear Sirs: Public meetings and demonstrations are valuable and dramatic witness to the people's need for peace. What the American peace movement lacks is direct influence on public officials expressed at the polls.

Dr. Leo Szilard's call for a peace lobby is most opportune. This year we elect a new Congress. A committee of leaders in the fields of science, education, religion, the arts, labor, etc., could perform a useful service in supporting such present and former Congressmen as Kowalski (Conn.), Meyer (Vt.), Johnson (Colo.), Ryan (N.Y.) and others who support these views. It would be a great encouragement to many aspiring younger men to make peace the main issue in the 1962 elections.

Peace must be put into politics, and not in any vague sense. We do not want peace by containment, contamination or conquest but the abolition of war as an instrument of foreign policy. Let's judge every candidate for public office on his commitment to this program.

New York City HENRY H. ABRAMS

Visit Europe for Peace

Dear Sirs: Surely some of your readers are willing to give some of their time to the pursuit of peace. Places are open in our Peace Mission to Europe this summer. We visit Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Poland, France and England. Everywhere, we will meet with top government and peace leaders to discuss disarmament and the ending of atomic testing.

The Peace Mission leaves New York on June 18 and returns on August 4. For details, write to me at 489 Ocean Ave., West Haven, Conn.

JEROME DAVIS
Executive Director
Promoting Enduring Peace, Inc.

Bambi and RAND

Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading Carl Dreher's article, "Feuding for Space" [Jan. 6], with interest mixed with dismay. Mostly informative and interesting, the article is marred by serious errors of fact and opinions that approach the libelous.

Mr. Dreher states without basis, and most misleadingly, that the Air Force is planning to orbit "a thousand U.S. Bambis bearing nuclear warheads. . . ." If such a system is ever built, it is most unlikely that the interceptor missiles will carry nuclear warheads, for several reasons. The obvious danger of accidental initiation of war troubles the Air Force as much as it does Mr. Dreher (although they work much harder on the problem), and much research has been devoted to less critical lethal mechanisms, such as hypervelocity impact devices. . . .

But it is the collective generalized slander of the "intellectuals of the Air Force and the RAND Corporation" that is most irresponsible. According to Mr. Dreher, ". . . they have calculated that victory is possible, with perhaps half of the American population written off to pay for it. If a first strike will bring victory, even at this price, to *these* intellectuals it seems insane not to cast the die." The most prominent intellectuals at RAND have specifically opposed exactly such a doctrine, as any sane person would. . . .

Cambridge, Mass. CLARK C. ABT

Dear Sirs: The Bambi scheme is a technological extravaganza at best (and so regarded by experts in the Department of Defense and no doubt by some in the Air Force), but if non-nuclear warheads are contemplated it is even more harebrained than I thought. The Bambi is only a special case of an anti-missile missile and current claims on the Nike Zeus, for instance, lean heavily on hoped-for ability to disable the target ICBM at a considerable distance from the Nike explosion point. The best chance that Bambi might be made to work, in some off-and-on fashion, would seem to be to make the guidance system as simple as possible and the lethal radius as large as possible.

As for Mr. Abt's second point, I did not mean to single out the RAND Corporation personnel for criticism: the context shows that I cited RAND as an example of military-think apparatus only because of its Damon-Pythias relation to the Air Force. Substitute Aerospace, Mitre or any other you wish. If RAND stands out, it is mainly because Herman Kahn was associated with it for twelve years. I am aware that some members of the RAND organization did not share Kahn's views, but there was never any official repudiation I know of, and the only protest from within RAND that I have seen was a single letter to *The Nation*. If any special odium attaches to RAND, it has been well earned by official and individual silence.

More recently, another RAND employee has been spreading the impression that the Russians have been building shelters, although *The New York Times* correspondents, one of whom traveled 12,000 miles in the Soviet Union, failed to turn up any evidence whatever of shelter construction, or any interest in shelters on the part of the population. This seems to be propaganda masquerading as scholarship. I don't see why I should be more tender of RAND's good repute than RAND is itself.

As for the war-planning scientists and engineers in general (Russian and

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

A Scourge of Roses

Before Fidel Castro became the hemispheric menace, total U.S. aid to Latin America was running under $500 million a year and Latin American statesmen spent much of their time bewailing the niggardliness of Uncle Sam. It was not that he didn't have the money, but he was squandering it elsewhere. The complaint has some substance. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, which has a highly informative Castro story by Philip Geyelin, total U.S. aid to Latin America since World War II has amounted to less than $5 billion, out of a total of $90 billion to all countries. We have been least generous to our nearest and, presumably, dearest.

Not until 1960, when Fidel became Uncle Sam's chief tormentor, did the United States come up with a special aid effort tailored to Latin American needs. Our full bounty did not become manifest until after the invasion fiasco of April, 1961, when the Kennedy Administration established the $1-billion-a-year Alliance for Progress. The timing was not lost on the Latin American statesmen. Geyelin notes a "marked disinclination" on the part of Latin diplomats in Washington "to remove what many consider to be the only motive for the . . . Alliance for Progress. . . . Without an active Communist threat to Central and South America, they fear the United States would concentrate its aid in other parts of the world."

How cynical! And how true! The obstreperous Fidel thus emerges as the Latin American meal ticket par excellence. It may be said of him what Voltaire said of God, that if He did not exist He would have to be invented.

These are the underlying reasons for the confusion at Punte del Este and they point to the probable outcome. The United States will get a part of what it would like, which is the total excommunication of Red Cuba followed by burning at the stake. It will get it because $1 billion a year isn't hay, and also because most of the Latin American statesmen are genuinely alarmed about the menace of Fidelismo. But the United States will get only a fraction of the great desideratum for, south of the Rio Grande, there are other considerations, one of which is an inbred dislike for intervention. Since Uncle Sam seems to be well hooked, these considerations will limit Castro's punishment to a condemnation of his Red ties and a warning that sanctions may be imposed, at some unspecified future date, if he goes too far.

When the foreign ministers have departed, their work will amount to little more than "collective moral isolation" of Castro. This will be some consolation to President Kennedy although, if there is no tangible follow-up, the Republicans in Congress may protest that Uncle Sam is not getting his billion dollars' worth. As for the culprit himself, he emerges as the indirect cause of it all, and we may surmise that if they dared, the Latin American statesmen would happily scourge him with roses.

No Hobgoblin at All

If consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, the U.S. correspondents in Moscow, as well as those who operate in Washington, D.C., must have minds of such power and greatness that they are really wasted in newspaper work. Now is the open season on speculation on what is going on behind the walls of the Kremlin, and almost every correspondent has a theory based on information from sources he dares not name, but which—take his word for it—are of the most incontrovertible authority. Joseph Alsop writes about "The Ferment in Moscow"; Max Frankel informs us that the world Communist movement "is in ferment"; Marguerite Higgins suspects "considerable demoralization within the rank and file of the Russian Communist Party over the exposition in all its gory detail of the criminal past." This bill of goods would be more salable if only we had not been told over the past four decades that we were dealing with a "united, monolithic and international Communist conspiracy." The words are Frankel's, but now he puts "seemingly" in front of his adjectives, apparently because of a nascent suspicion that the current theory of

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communism cannot be correct if the previous one was, and vice versa.

A ferment so explosive cannot have arisen all at once. Either it is exaggerated now, or the Communists were never as monolithically united as American press folklore would have had us believe. The past divisions are attested by Stalin's crimes, and the present divisions, at least within the USSR, are almost certainly exaggerated.

Henry Shapiro, manager of the UPI Moscow Bureau and dean of American correspondents in the Soviet capital, takes a calm view of the ferment which has his colleagues so hot and bothered. He quotes a Western diplomat on his beat: "Something has been afoot in Moscow every day for the past forty-four years." Shapiro suggests that, since Khrushchev did not hesitate to wash his dirty linen in public, the Soviet Premier "obviously spoke from strength and confidence in the support of the new party leadership he had fashioned in his own image since the ouster of the Molotov-Malenkov anti-party group in 1957." The twenty-second Congress, Shapiro believes, consolidated Khrushchev's position. He has delegated more authority to subordinates than any other top leader; half the time he is not even in Moscow. Shapiro's skepticism does not make for sensational dope stories, but a Moscow correspondent so oriented has a better chance of being right than his colleagues who oscillate between one hysteria and its opposite.

Mr. Welch Annoys His Brethren

Robert Welch of the John Birch Society seems to be even less popular among conservatives than among liberals and radicals—if there are any radicals still ambulatory. Without naming him, William Henry Chamberlin inveighs in *The Wall Street Journal* against "those extremists who are receiving far more publicity than they deserve." Right extremism, he believes, plays into the hands of the "American Left"; "the militant 'liberals,'" he says, "hope the public mind will link all conservatives with the ideas of an intemperate few." Eugene Lyons, in the *New Guard*, the publication of Young Americans for Freedom, lays down the doctrine: "Conservatism includes anti-communism, but anti-communism decidedly does not include conservatism." Lyons is quoted with approval by George Sokolsky. Much less restraint is shown by William F. Buckley, Jr., editor of *National Review*. Speaking in Austin, Texas, Buckley said, "There is no lunacy of which Robert Welch is incapable." After an earlier defense of Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker (Ret.), Buckley is beginning to have doubts about the crusader, too. Both Welch and Walker "have failed to recognize the reality of liberal existence," Buckley is quoted as saying by the editor of the *Daily Texan*. And, in a direct quotation: "Walker believes that everyone is either Communist, pro-Communist, or anti-Communist conservative."

But all this is somewhat disingenuous. General Walker and Mr. Welch are men of emotion: their flashpoint is low and they say crude things in public. (In fact, their candor has enlivened political discussion. Last week, for example, a public school principal in Greenwich, Connecticut, invited a member of the John Birch Society to address the local Parent-Teacher Association in order, as he said, to "stir up" the P.T.A.) But wherein do their views, on key issues, differ from those of their quondam political associates who now want to keep them at a discreet political distance? In Los Angeles, General Walker was cheered by 13,000 zealots when he blasted the United Nations. But speaking of the United Nations to an audience in Oxford, Ohio, on January 17, Senator Goldwater said: "Let's forget the whole thing and join up with our allies and induce the neutrals to join us. The world isn't ready for the U.N." The Birch Society supports Tshombe; so does Goldwater.

And so it goes. What Chamberlin, Lyons and the others object to is the unsophisticated presentations made by such ultras as Walker and Welch; basically there appears to be a remarkable similarity of outlook and position. If appearances are deceptive, Senator Goldwater and the others ought to explain, in detail, precisely wherein their views—not their rhetoric—differ from the bluntly stated ones of Messrs. Walker and Welch.

Sweet Music

Throughout the postwar period a certain substratum of "anti-Americanism," ebbing and flowing with events, has been almost endemic among left-of-center political groupings abroad. Irritating as certain manifestations of this feeling have been, it has seldom assumed sharply hostile expression. On the contrary, in most instances it has represented the kind of annoyance and irritation that one cousin might feel for another, or the sniffish disdain that one branch of a family might feel toward another, distant branch. The high points have not been sustained over any long periods of time and, on occasion, the provocation was extreme — as during the heyday of McCarthyism.

But more recently a new kind of "anti-Americanism" has begun to find expression in Europe which stems exclusively from extreme right-wing circles. It expresses not irritation, but active, malignant hostility. In the eyes of these new critics, Uncle Sam is not the well-meaning but inept old fuss-duddy of the moderate-left stereotype, but rather "the enemy"—much more to be feared than the Soviet Union. The new theme finds expression most frequently in right-wing circles in Britain, Belgium, France, Spain and Portugal. For example *Accion Cubana* — published by Cuban exiles in Madrid with the im-

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plied imprimatur of Franco — offers this crisp sentiment: "The principal enemy of the Free World is the White House, aide and servant of Communist imperialism enthroned in a great part of Europe, Asia, Africa and Cuba, through America's fault." The United States Embassy in Madrid, reports Benjamin Welles in *The New York Times*, is deeply concerned with what is apparently "a rising tide of anti-American criticism in the closely censored Spanish press." The attacks appear in right-wing newspapers owned by wealthy proprietors. The monarchist *A.B.C.* — owned by the Marques Luca de Tena — recently carried a front-page editorial lambasting Uncle Sam under the caption "Hypocrite." According to Mr. Welles, it has been this country's recent reaffirmation of support for the United Nations and the current attacks in that body on Spain's ally Portugal by the Afro-Asian bloc, that is largely responsible for this rash of right-wing tirades. *Nation-Belgique*, which is said to be financed by German interests, commenting on recent events in the Congo, concludes: "The United States is the enemy of Europe, more insidious, but just as obstinate at the USSR." And so it goes.

This latest manifestation of "anti-Americanism," unlike previous expressions, is to be welcomed. If we must be "the enemy" in the eyes of any Europeans, these are the finest enemies we could possibly acquire. In fact, the increasing hostility of these right-wing elements, which first became noticeable in 1961, is a tribute to the Kennedy Administration and the policies it has pursued at the United Nations. One measure of the success of a policy — by no means infallible, but a good working guide all the same — is to note whose oxen it gores. The bellowing that is now echoing across the Atlantic from right-wing critics is the pleasantest sound we have heard in years.

Study in Contrasts

If there were an American who had the reading capacity to go through the entire U.S. trade press every week, he would get the news a few days late, but he would be the best-informed man in the country. This is not a condemnation of the daily, or lay, press: it prints what will sell newspapers, and gives little space to what may be important, but will only make the customers yawn. Conversely, the trade press prints the news that hits *its* customers in the pocketbook—or promises them a full, pleasant feeling in that region.

The instant case involves the order of the U.S. Tax Court to the Boeing Company to refund $13 million in excess profits, as previously directed by the Renegotiation Board. The actual cash the company would forfeit is about $900,000, after taxes. The amount involved is not astronomical by defense budget standards, but pending aerospace renegotiation cases total more than $125 million, and the decision affects Defense Department policy and has other wide political and economic ramifications. Moreover, the opinion of Judge Craydon G. Whithey had some sensational aspects, such as the assertion that Boeing's 1952 profit amounted to 98 per cent of the company's tangible net worth, and 50 per cent even if its engineering and manufacturing know-how were taken into account. Denying the company's plea that profits should be based on sales, Judge Whithey accused it of an "unconscionable exploitation of the United States in its procurement of military necessities."

One would think that this would be news by any standard—and indeed it was big news in the trade press —but on radio and TV it was not mentioned at all and, even in the better newspapers, it received a few inches on page forty-seven. It should be news because the alleged exploitation concerns not only the government, but every taxpayer. A great corporation is judicially accused of taking advantage of the taxpayer's need for protection against the Red menace and placing an added, unnecessary burden on his income. But, judging by the press reaction, the taxpayer couldn't care less. He is more interested, as one of Pulitzer's editors put it, in blood and underwear (and sports). Only in the capacity of a corporation executive—assuming the taxpayer has achieved such status—does he deal with the socio-economic realities. And his elected representatives, knowing that he takes exploitation for granted, will probably change the Renegotiation Act to make exploitation legal and proper.

Adventure in Education

Ronald Hilton, director of the Institute of Hispanic-American Studies at Stanford University, wrote in *The Nation* ("The Cuba Trap," April 29, 1961): "Our universities, by reforming their archaic structure, must make it possible for us to develop an intelligent interest in . . . Latin America." And, of course, vice versa; for, Mr. Hilton holds, Latin American universities teach their students no more adequately about us than our universities do about Latin America. All of which calls to mind an adventurous attempt to meet this challenge by the University of the Pacific at Stockton, California. Now under construction on that campus are the buildings of Elbert Covell College, where all courses — liberal arts and technical — will be given *exclusively* in Spanish. (English will be taught as a foreign language.) The college is designed for an enrollment of 250, of which 150 will be students from Latin America, the rest from North America. According to Arthur J. Cullen, Director of Inter American Studies at the university, the broad objectives of the new institution will be (1) to provide educational and technical assistance to Latin American students by eliminating the language barrier in the classroom; (2) to

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promote acquaintance between Latin American and North American students by giving them opportunity to live and study together; (3) to subordinate Spanish, as a language study, to subject matter for North American students.

It is intended that scholarships will be granted generously, especially to Latin Americans — a fact entailing at least one interesting side effect. In many Latin American countries, the sons of the rich and the sons of the poor live in different worlds and almost never meet. Elbert Covell College, then, will not only provide a place where North American and Latin American students can get to know one another, but also, through the adroit distribution of scholarships, a place where Latin American class lines can be broken down.

Funds for construction of the college are assured. Help will be needed for scholarships, library material and developmental activities. Considering the importance of Inter-American relations today, there is no doubt that one or another of the great American foundations will see in Elbert Covell College a promising field for investment.

De GAULLE'S LAST CHANCE . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

AS YOU LOOK at the busy Paris streets in this sunny spring weather at the end of January, you wouldn't think there was anything the matter at all. No doubt at night, usually between midnight and 1 o'clock, you hear something popping off perhaps a half-mile away; but that's not the kind of thing that would happen to *you*, but only to some specially selected enemies of the OAS. Big headlines one day last week: "17 *Plastiquages* in Paris Last Night." But, then, what's seventeen in a population of several millions? To only too many, *plastiquages* are like automobile accidents which concern the persons involved, but not you.

Vicky: New Statesman

"At last, mes enfants, La France has her very own bomb."

This widespread *apolitisme*, with a kind of indifference and semi-jocular fatalism, is something that has been encouraged by nearly four years of Gaullist rule, under which public opinion has been lying dormant and parliamentary opinion has counted for next to nothing. Even serious papers like *Le Monde* scarcely bother reporting parliamentary debates any more, unless there's really something out of the ordinary: for example, when some weeks ago, no fewer than eighty deputies almost openly associated themselves with General Salan and the OAS. But other papers did not bother taking much notice even of that. And if you read two big-circulation papers like *L'Aurore* and *Le Parisien Libéré*, you cannot help wondering whether the people behind them aren't already fully prepared to jump on the OAS bandwagon—if and when. The whole implication is that the OAS are, after all, patriotic Frenchmen, and at least there can be no doubt that they are good anti-Communists.

The situation is really paradoxical: as distinct from 1934-40 in France, there is really no Fascist mass movement of any sort, and yet the danger of a Fascist *coup d'état* seems to be greater today than it ever was in the 1930s. If, in 1940, a near-Fascist regime was set up at Vichy, it was only thanks to Hitler's military victory. But today it could be set up spontaneously, and the reason is simple: although the OAS in France is probably only a few thousand strong (if that), and there is no Fascist *party*, the OAS is playing on the grievances and complexes of the French Army which, in the words of Jacques Fauvet, is today "the biggest party in France." And, to de Gaulle, this "party" is, in reality, the only party that counts. And here we are up against another paradox. De Gaulle declares himself determined to make peace in Algeria. Only in the last few days, as a gesture for the benefit of the FLN, he decided to withdraw two more French divisions from Algeria, despite violent protests from M. Messmer, the Minister of Defense, and even of Premier M. Debré, and to transfer to France 900 Moslem prisoners sentenced to death and locked up in Algerian prisons, where they were in danger of being lynched. Yet, at the same time, nobody can swear for certain that de Gaulle will really *dare* make peace with the FLN. For if such a peace (or even a mere cease-fire) were signed, would not that act as a signal for a *putsch* — almost certainly in Algeria, and perhaps also in France?

ALTHOUGH MANY "ordinary" Frenchmen and especially Frenchwomen still think that all is well (apart from a few *plastiquages*) so long as de Gaulle is in charge, even some of these unpolitical animals are beginning to wonder whether their great man has been playing his hand

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all that well. After all, nearly four years have passed since de Gaulle took over. There were three things he was expected to do: (1) make peace in Algeria; (2) restore the complete obedience of the Army to the government; (3) avoid civil war. A very high proportion of the 80 per cent of the French people who voted for de Gaulle in 1958 did so precisely for these reasons. Today peace in Algeria is not in sight; the Army is more "independent" of the government than ever; and the danger of civil war is far greater than it was in 1958. When, in September, 1959, de Gaulle proclaimed the principle of "self-determination" in Algeria, he did it in the worst possible manner: his offer was accompanied by economic threats and the threat of partitioning the country; and all the subsequent negotiations with the FLN broke down, first, because he had been informed by his generals that the FLN was on the point of capitulating militarily, and then because he insisted that the self-determination vote in Algeria should still be primarily controlled by the French Army (the FLN had had quite enough experience of *that* kind of "free vote").

It is quite clear that if there really were a free self-determination vote, the overwhelming majority of the Algerian population would choose independence. But de Gaulle is still unwilling to face this squarely. Instead, the million Europeans in Algeria continue to be fed on ambiguous statements. As a result, they still think they can prevent Algerian independence; and this, as Mendès-France wrote in last week's *Express*, "has thrown them into the arms of the worst type of demagogues, and is encouraging them to strengthen their opposition to the government." More significant, perhaps, a kind of Nihilist despair has seized a large part of the Europeans in Algeria. In a remarkable report from Oran, "the city of fear"—where the mutual interracial lynchings have been particularly atrocious—a *France-Soir* correspondent reported last week some of the Europeans' reactions: "For God's sake, let de Gaulle at least tell us what the hell we are to do; to get out to France, or try to adapt ourselves to an independent Algeria run by the FLN, or what? As long as we remain in the dark, as long as we don't know whether or not there will be partition, this bloody murder every day will get worse and worse."

Life in Algeria (which was unpleasant enough when I was there last year) has become intolerable for practically everybody. Every day dozens of people are lynched, knifed or blown up; the terror has become "blind"—nobody is spared, not even school children. There is a cynical theory that "this suits de Gaulle all right"—so many Europeans (so the argument goes) will finally get out of Algeria that the European minority won't be a major problem any more. But this is a superficial and long-term view, and disregards the time factor. And everything points to the fact that, after nearly four years of inactivity, de Gaulle cannot play for time much longer. The situation in Algeria today is such that the Army may well suddenly put an end to its precarious "neutrality." The truth is that the OAS is becoming not weaker, but stronger, in both France and Algeria—not, indeed, because it is numerically large, but because it is acquiring more and more accomplices.

WHERE DOES the Army really stand? To quote Mendès-France:

> Apart from the loyalists, i.e., those who traditionally obey the government—and there *are* such officers still—the Army falls into two categories. First, there are the violent and fanatical OAS men; these are only a small minority. But there is a great mass of Army men who still stand for "French Algeria" and violently hate de Gaulle, because de Gaulle has lied to them. But, at the same time, they are worried about a possible "divorce between the Army and the nation." And these people might well join in a putsch if they think it will pass off fairly quietly and quickly, with only a small number of casualties. But they will think twice if they really feel that such a putsch would lead to civil war, and they'd have to start killing off a lot of Frenchmen in a bloody and fratricidal struggle.

That being so, Mendès-France argues that it is high time that public opinion in France became "politicized" and discovered an alternative to de Gaulle—a "transition government" which, within a few weeks, would make peace in Algeria. How this is to come about is not at all clear. But de Gaulle, in Mendès-France's view, is incapable of doing anything, if only because he has rejected the support of public opinion, i.e., of the political parties. He may be "against" the OAS, but the fact remains that when big anti-OAS demonstrations were organized in Paris on December 19 and again on January 6, the demonstrators were beaten up by the police with the utmost savagery. They could scarcely have behaved differently if there had been an open agreement between them and the OAS *plastiqueurs*.

"We'll follow you anywhere, mon Général."

The truth is that de Gaulle, for fear of offending the Army, will not woo the support of the political parties or the labor unions—in short, of all those more or less organized or at least "organizable" elements in France who represent what's called "democratic opinion." For this there are several reasons, but the most elementary among them is his dread of a "popular front" which would inevitably include the Communists, who not only have the biggest and most organized of the left-wing parties, but also largely control the CGT, the largest of the labor federations. The anti-OAS demonstrations of December 19 and January 6 were prohibited because de Gaulle feared that the Army might think that there was some common ground between himself and the Communists!

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Precisely for the same reason Guy Mollet, the Socialist leader, will not hear of any "united action" with the Communists: for what if this were used as an excuse by the Army to "swing" to the side of the Fascists? True, Mollet argues that, whereas he will not commit himself to any co-operation with the Communists just now, he will, of course, join them in a new kind of anti-Fascist Resistance, if occasion calls for it, *after* the *putsch*. And he remains impervious to the argument that, by that time, it might be too late.

Many intellectual groups, as well as some intermediary parties such as the PSU (the "Independent Socialists") of Depreux, Bourdet and Mendès-France, tend to take the view that the risks of an alliance with the Communists are infinitely smaller than the risks that France is running now, with no organized opposition to put up against the OAS and its various silent accomplices. But Mollet, who thought he was "saving democracy" by helping de Gaulle into power in 1958 ("Sooner de Gaulle than the Popular Front," he then said) seems now to be getting around to the view that even a discreetly-camouflaged OAS dictatorship would be better than a Popular Front. So say some of his critics.

AS for the possibility of a camouflaged OAS dictatorship, this should not perhaps be dismissed too lightly. There is much talk in Paris of a luncheon arranged some days ago by a businessman, a M. Pierre Uri, which was attended by M. Mollet and M. Pinay (the Finance Minister whom de Gaulle fired in 1960), where, it is reported, the foundations were laid for "an Atlantic, European, anti-Communist Holy Alliance." The new setup is said to have the blessing of that super-European, M. Jean Monnet of the coal-steel pool; of "certain pro-OAS elements determined to avoid a Popular Front at any price"; and of M. Uri himself, described as "the European representative of an American investment firm." Judging from certain comments made, particularly by M. Maurice Faure, leader of the Radical Party and a very strong "Atlantic" and NATO man, who also appears to have attended the famous luncheon, an attempt is being made to create a new setup which would be both against the Communists and against de Gaulle: a conservative, "Atlantic," essentially anti-Communist coalition including "certain OAS elements" at one end and "Algérie Française" Socialists (like Max Lejeune and—why not?—Guy Mollet) at the other. There are hints of certain "American anti-Gaullists" meddling in all this. But even if these plans to replace de Gaulle came to something, the war in Algeria would presumably continue, since a peace with the FLN would just not fit in with this unholy coalition.

Oddly enough — though details about it are still lacking — this little conspiracy against de Gaulle on the part of the "anti-Communist democrats" (including certain OAS and Big Business people) is, at the moment, being looked upon as something more dangerous to de Gaulle than the still highly hypothetical Popular Front, or even a plain Army *putsch* which the "anti-Communist and pro-American democrats" are clearly aiming to forestall in their own peculiar way. Instead, these people may well hope to win the support of the Army—by continuing the war in Algeria.

IT WILL be seen from all this how infernally confused the situation in France is becoming. De Gaulle is afraid of "compromising" himself with anything even remotely resembling a Popular Front; but meantime he is being plotted against by a strange new grouping clearly willing to compromise with the OAS and the Army; it will be interesting to see to what extent the bulk of the "traditional republican parties" (the conservative Independents, the Radicals, the MRP and the Mollet Socialists) will really support this unholy setup in the name of "French Algeria," Atlantic solidarity and anti-communism.

In the midst of all this queer agitation and plotting below the surface, Algeria continues to "rot." De Gaulle was supposed to reach a "final" agreement with the FLN by January 15. There is no sign of agreement; something seems to have broken down in the "secret" talks, though nobody has said what, exactly. There still continues to be discussion of the partition of Algeria "if all else fails." Debré is said to favor partition, even though de Gaulle is now said to be against it. How absurd partition would be has been well demonstrated by Alain Savary, the former Socialist Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs. His argument runs this way:

> ¶Even if "French Algeria" were limited to small areas around Algiers and Oran, there would still be only 28 per cent Europeans and 72 per cent Moslems in it.
>
> ¶In such a country, 95 per cent of the Moslems would still be pro-FLN, and only a police state could keep them in order.
>
> ¶With a proper Algerian Government established at Constantine, the urge to liberate the Moslems in Algiers and Oran would be irresistible, and this would merely perpetuate the war.
>
> ¶Such a war would, quite inevitably, assume an international character.

What conclusion, if any, can be drawn at the moment from this almost inextricable muddle? It would seem that there is really only one thing de Gaulle can reasonably do, and that is to make peace with the Algerian Government, a peace comprising certain very substantial guarantees for the European minority in an independent Algeria; and then to submit this peace treaty to a referendum in France which would certainly give de Gaulle 80 or 90 per cent of the votes. For France is heartily sick of the Algerian War. But will de Gaulle, scared as he is of the Army and the OAS, really do it? At the time of the Challe *putsch*, he appealed to French opinion over TV to help him: *"Françaises, Français, aidez-moi!"* When the danger was over, he said no more about it. How much graver must the danger become before he appeals to France again for support? And will France be sufficiently organized to support him next time?

For while the OAS has been organizing itself, de Gaulle has done nothing but discourage the organization of those who might be his natural allies.

De Gaulle has one more chance. But only one.

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ROMNEY: New Hope for the GOP?.. *by B. J. Widick*

Detroit

THE RECENT publicity blitzkrieg from this state has skyrocketed the name of George Romney to the top of the list of GOP "dark horse" Presidential candidates for 1964. Already we learn from Washington pundits, who are pouring into the state, that both General Eisenhower and Richard Nixon have been urging the highly articulate auto-corporation president to take the first step: the race for Michigan's governorship this fall. Success would project Romney into the national spotlight as the giant-killer of the state's powerful Democratic-labor coalition which elected G. Mennen Williams as Governor six times, and put in his successor, the incumbent John B. Swainson.

The prospect frightens the Democratic Party locally—and nationally. With both Nelson Rockefeller and Richard Nixon facing plenty of trouble, Democratic prospects for 1964 look bright, unless a sleeper candidate arises who can take the GOP out of its doldrums and contain its Goldwaters. For the moment, at least, Romney would seem to fill the bill best for the Republicans. "I'll win if I run for Governor," he blandly told the Detroit *Free Press* recently. Because Romney said it, people believe it.

This talented, glamorous figure has already reached a point in his career where no one underestimates him. Why would anyone want to, considering how meteorically he rose to national prominence without ever having held elective public office? He is what the political pros would call a "natural," who manages to give the impression of being a "winner" in whatever he undertakes to do.

IT IS difficult these days, of course, to get balanced views about Romney; the political lines are too finely drawn here for objective appraisal. "Sure, George has talent. If it was only a case of voting for him or Governor Swainson, Romney would be my choice. But looking at the big picture, Romney can't get my vote. I don't want Michigan to go Republican, or Romney to save that party," is the way an admirer of Romney put the matter. The intense controversy Romney has evoked—you can liven up any party in Michigan by asking, "What do you think of George Romney?"—is a tribute to his ability to focus attention on himself, a characteristic which seldom hurts a man running for public office.

Just a few years ago, auto barons sputtered at the mention of Romney's name. His crusade against what he termed the "gas-guzzling dinosaurs" that Detroit was turning out upset the industry. His success in selling the compact Rambler put the American Motors Company back on its feet, and ultimately he was paid the tribute of imitation by the Big Three. But Romney didn't make any friends in the power structure of Michigan when, appearing before a Senate committee, he advocated a breakup of General Motors and Ford — and of the United Auto Workers union.

The profit record of American Motors indicates Romney's abilities in the business world. In 1956, A.M.C. lost $19.7 million; in 1957, $11.8 million; in 1958, $26.1 million. These were the years when Romney was trying to re-create a going concern. In 1959, climbing sales produced $60.3 million in net profits; in 1960, $48.2 million. The farm boy from Utah had made his mark in the tough auto field.

Romney's relations with labor are complex, and despite his attack on "bigness" in trade unions, as well as in industry, it is difficult to pin a crude "anti-labor" tag on him. True, during World War II, Romney dubbed Walter Reuther as "the most dangerous man in America"; but when *Holiday* quoted the remark in an article on Reuther published in 1959, Romney went a long way toward repudiating it in a letter:

> This statement was made by me during World War II because of the programs Mr. Reuther was advocating. Mr. Reuther is not now advocating comparable programs. I have said on more than one occasion in recent years that Mr. Reuther and I have our differences. . . . To my personal knowledge, on more than one occasion he has shown real statesmanship.

The fact is that the Auto Workers, under Reuther, approved Romney's decision to transfer production from Detroit to Kenosha, Wisconsin; and, during American Motors' hard years, gave it easier contract terms than were given to the Big Three. These, one supposes, are the examples of Reuther statesmanship that Romney had in mind when writing the letter, which will undoubtedly have some impact on the state elections this fall. And so, in labor circles, will the fact that in 1961 the A.M.C. head gave the Auto Workers a "profit-sharing" clause in the union contract.

THESE performances dazzled Detroiters, but not as much as other things that Romney has done. In 1958, in the midst of a recession and with his own company losing about $2 million a month, Romney accepted the chairmanship of a committee to help solve this city's acute school crisis. The committee—with an assist from Reuther—put over a $60 million bond issue and a $30 million school-tax increase to finance a five-year school-building program.

The following year, Romney again stepped into the limelight. The State of Michigan was running a huge deficit; at one point, some state salaries and school funds were in arrears. The GOP-dominated State Senate, intent on wrecking whatever chance the then Governor Williams might have for the 1960 Democratic nomination for President, consistently thwarted all of the Governor's proposals for solving the crisis. At this point, Romney announced he was going to form a nonpartisan Citizens for Michigan Committee to study state problems and make recommendations. On the surface, the move looked like an amateur gesture by a naive man who didn't know the political facts of life. But when Romney enlisted for his committee such men as Robert S. McNamara of

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Ford (now Secretary of Defense) and Leonard Woodcock, vice president of the United Auto Workers, people had second thoughts. Ultimately, the committee played an important role in getting voters' approval for a special constitutional convention to overhaul the archaic state constitution and tax structure. The convention is now in session—and the most significant figure there is George Romney, who won handily his race for delegate.

A dominant issue in Michigan—as in most industrial states—is the rural control over the state legislature. Michigan Democrats would like a system of proportional representation for both the upper and lower houses of the legislature. Romney favors a modified plan aimed at keeping the State Senate, at least, in rural—i.e., Republican—hands. He debated the issue publicly with his arch political enemy, Gus Scholle, president of the state AFL-CIO and a brilliant speaker. The consensus was that Romney earned a draw in the debate, perhaps even a close win, even though Scholle's plea for proportional representation made more sense to liberals.

AS A YOUNG Mormon, Romney had spent two years in missionary work in England and Scotland. This happened to include "soap-boxing" at Hyde Park in London and the "Mound" in Edinburgh. Romney is an effective speaker who conveys an impression of sincerity, and his clean-cut, trim appearance at fifty-four gives him an attractive public image. Curiously, many people, including his unofficial biographer, tend to compare him with Walter Reuther: they are both hard drivers, with endless energy and a compulsion to talk and to convince.

Romney has made an enormous number of speeches in recent years. His audiences range from the American Bankers Association to mass rallies of American Motors employees. Out of these speeches—and they are all well constructed, informative and argumentative—one can find some common themes which reflect the man's philosophy and outlook.

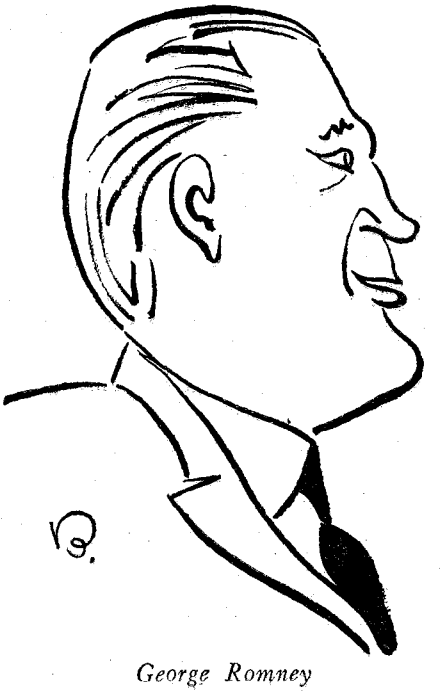
Theme number one has been an attack on Big Business and Big Labor (it remains to be seen if the criticism of Big Business will now become muted). Before the Senate Subcommittee on Anti-Trust and Monopoly, on February 7, 1958, Romney proposed that no company should be allowed more than 35 per cent of the market of that industry—a proposal that meant a breakup of Ford and General Motors. Similarly, he demanded that unions, for bargaining purposes, be limited to 10,000 members. The philosophy behind these views was revealed in his blast at the steel strike in 1959 as "a blot on America," when he urged President Eisenhower to invoke the Taft-Hartley Law. The modern dilemma, as he sees it in labor relations and in the economic operation of our system, is:

> The collective-bargaining laws are premised on the principle of monopoly and compulsory cooperation. The anti-trust laws are premised on the principle of competition and voluntary cooperation. Thus we have a built-in conflict in our basic economic laws.

Political and economic sophisticates may smile at this strain of populism, modern style, but many audiences have cheered his attacks on bigness in government, business and labor.

Before a mass meeting of 30,000 American Motors employees in 1959, Romney said that capitalism is dead:

> Ours is a system of consumerism. . . . American consumerism places economic control in the hands of all citizens as consumers, whereas communism and capitalism vest ultimate power in the hands of the few—as did feudalism. The word capitalism should be even more repugnant to Americans than to Communists, since it is a fundamentally inaccurate representation of our society; yet we continue, ignorantly, to use the word capitalism as our world trade mark.



George Romney

His political strictures have been provocative. "The two political Parties in Michigan are in this situation: Reuther dominates the Democratic Party, and General Motors and Ford are out in front of the Republican Party." His appraisal of the national parties is equally unflattering: "Economic motives have corrupted both political parties to the point where they are largely duplicates of each other."

Quoting Thornton Wilder's phrase, "the razor edge of danger," as descriptive of our life and times, Romney declared:

> While the danger is the greatest the world has ever seen, it is not primarily because of communism that we face the struggle for survival. It's not the uncommitted nations, or an atomic intercontinental ballistic missile war, or international economic competition—serious and decisive as these are.
>
> Underlying their danger is a greater danger—the decline of religious conviction, moral strength, national purpose and the personally responsible brotherhood and citizenship. To the extent that we possess or lack these qualities we will win or lose our struggle for survival.
>
> The acid test of a civilization is not its monuments nor its materialistic accumulation. It is the kind of men it produces.

ROMNEY emerges in this portrait almost as an anachronism on our political scene. He considers himself a nonconformist. "To be a man, you must be a nonconformist," he quotes from Ralph Waldo Emerson. His assessment of Franklin D. Roosevelt has dismayed his neighbors in Bloomfield Hills, where the auto crowd has its huge mansions: "Roosevelt correctly recognized that by the late 1920s industrial, financial and agricultural power had become excessive. He found it necessary to lead a

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peaceful revolution by creating a countervailing power." And what other businessman would refer to Mahatma Gandhi as "this age's greatest underdog, whose success was based on his integrity as a critic and nonconformist"?

Romney's moves in recent years cannot be fully understood unless one mentions the name of Ed Cushman, who might be called Romney's "braintruster." Cushman has a long record of public service as Chairman of the Michigan Unemployment Compensation Commission, War Labor Board adviser and professor at Wayne State University. He was intimately associated with the original New Deal crowd and with the labor movement. He knows Michigan's politics backwards and forwards. His role reminds one of Arthur Goldberg, Secretary of Labor; and it would not be doing Cushman an injustice to say that he would not mind very much assuming Mr. Goldberg's function in national life after the 1964 elections.

The Democratic Party in Michigan has never faced a team as capable as the one Romney has gathered around himself. "If George Romney were elected Governor," his publicity men have let it be known, "it would mean a $175,500 annual pay cut." Michigan's Governor receives a salary of $22,000 and does not get—as most Governors do—an Executive mansion. Romney's salary at A.M.C. is $150,000, plus bonus and stock options. "In 1959," Romney's publicity men remind the public, "his bonus was $175,000, but he returned $100,000 to the company." This publicity handout did not mention the fact that in 1960 Romney had exercised his rights under a stock-option plan to buy 45,675 shares at $3.04 when the market price was $20.94, and that he later took an additional 17,530 shares at an option of $10.11, when the market price ranged from $19.69 to $20.94. The difference was a cool million. The stock later went down to about $17 a share, but Romney isn't suffering yet.

ROMNEY has other assets besides financial independence. He is a very active member of the Mormon church. He graduated from the Latter-day Saints University high school and junior college in Salt Lake City, Utah, where he was a star debater and basketball player. After his missionary stint abroad, he served as secretary to Senator David Walsh, the Democrat from Massachusetts, during the dispute over the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill. He has been a member of the National Press Club and the Burning Tree Country Club. He knows his way around Washington. He was a general manager for the Automobile Manufacturers Association in World War II.

His personal life is impeccable. He gives his tithe to the church. His wife, a former actress who once studied under Maria Ouspenskaya in New York, is an attractive member of the Romney team. So is his family.

How George Romney the man and his unorthodox views will fare in the political wars ahead must at this point be a matter of speculation. Romney looks fit and ready for battle, but so far neither Governor John B. Swainson, the Michigan Democratic Party, nor the UAW are about to collapse in the face of his challenge. Yet it seems reasonably safe to say that they'll be "running scared." This much Romney has already accomplished.

SKY PIRATES OVER LISBON . . *by Henrique Galvao*

Henrique Galvao, stormy petrel of Portuguese revolutionaries, told in The Nation *of April 15, 1961, how he captured the liner* Santa Maria *on the high seas. Now he tells of his second escapade: engineering the hijacking of a Portuguese airliner en route from Casablanca to Lisbon last fall.*

Persons steeped in the traditions of parliamentary democracy find it difficult to accept piracy—whether on the high seas or in the air—as a legitimate weapon even in a good cause. But it is understandable that men who wage lonely war against a ruthless dictatorship should feel differently. Galvao himself says: "We are pirates who are attempting to recover from other pirates . . . the liberty and dignity which they have stolen from an entire people." Gregory Rabassa has translated the article.—EDITORS.

THE SUCCESS of Operation Dulcinea, which took place aboard the *Santa Maria,* had extraordinary effects on the struggle between the Portuguese dictatorship and an anti-totalitarian front of free Portuguese; but it was, of course, far from decisive. We had meticulously evolved a plan for a second, and complementary operation. This had two parts. The first aimed at covering our tracks so that we would not be surprised by the numerous Portuguese and Spanish agents (PIDE) Salazar was using to follow me. They were everywhere: Brazil, Morocco, Senegal, even in Scandinavia. The other part was obviously secret, and aimed at bringing off three consecutive phases, the first of which was Operation Vagô, which took place on November 10, 1961, and came off with clockwork precision.

The *Santa Maria* experience had enabled me to organize a team of "commandos" scattered through many countries. This was something I had never had before. Except for me, they were all young. My own problem (and it gets worse every day) has been that of trying to lead the life of a man of thirty, which I assure you I am not. These men are not only young, but also they have that vigor which honors countries and are brave, enthusiastic and happy; and, with Disraeli, they believe that "life is too short to be mean." Our comradeship is perfect and it is an honor for me to have been able to enjoy their confidence as we worked together. I have been less a com-

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mander than a comrade who has suffered more in the cause, and therefore has had more experience in the work we are doing.

Aside from helpmates, there was also needed a basic political structure on which our second operation could rely. For this purpose, there was organized a political organization of exiled non-Communist democrats, the Anti-Totalitarian Front of Free Portuguese in Exile. I must make it clear that I am not the leader of this organization. My role, in short, is that of a leader of brave companions who have faith in me.

AS A take-off point for Operation Vagô, we needed a free country near Portugal that would receive us with some understanding. The indicated countries were Morocco and Tunisia. Morocco had fought fiercely for its freedom and had suffered a good deal in obtaining it. It had received aid — moral, and perhaps something more concrete — from peoples and government that had supported its cause. We could not but expect friendly reception and understanding from such a country, all the more because we would not undertake any revolutionary activities there, but merely wished to use its soil to await the moment of departure.

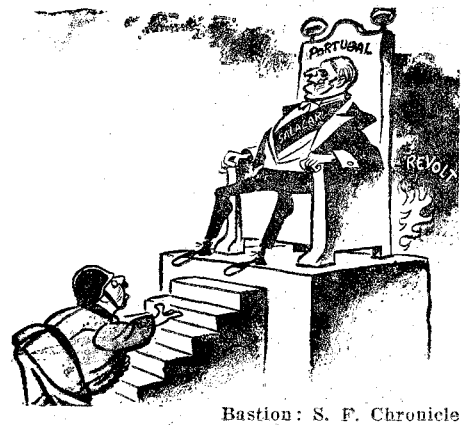
We had great success in covering our tracks. Salazar's precautions and movements had developed just as we had hoped; the places most favorable for attack had been left free and practically defenseless by his agents. In an involuntary way these spies, generally as stupid as they are brutal, had played the role of valuable collaborators. They had no suspicion whatever of an *airborne* operation. They saw us only in Tangier, where we let ourselves be surprised in meetings and conversations with smugglers who also had fast boats for hire. The agents never watched us in Casablanca, where airplanes take off on the Morocco-Lisbon run.

November 10, exactly forty-eight hours before the farce Salazar called "Legislative elections" was to take place, was the day set to begin secret operations.

There was no lack of sympathy from the people of Tangier, who seemed to understand us from the vantage point of their own misery. The police, among whom we could count many good friends, did what they could to get Salazar's and Franco's spies off our necks. I went about openly with my companions on the Boulevard Pasteur and into the very cafés (especially along the waterfront) the agents had selected as centers of espionage. Two of the members of the group of "commandos" chosen for Operation Vagô (others were to undertake missions of the second and third phases) were a married couple between twenty-one and twenty-three years of age who had fled from Oporto in a twenty-foot boat and with no navigational experience in order to escape imprisonment. The others—Palma, Camilo, Amandio and Martins — were as "rugged" as one could hope for.

For the first time in my life I was in charge of an operation in which I could not participate actively. On the one hand, I was the only one who did not have a valid passport to enter Portugal, and without this I could not purchase passage. On the other hand, my undercover entry on board was almost impossible without running the risk of being recognized and compromising the success of the whole operation. Furthermore, I had to make ready for the return of the expedition to Tangier.

AT DAWN on November 8, Amandio and Camilo set out under cover, one to Casablanca and the other to Rabat, to buy tickets at different travel agencies. On the 9th, they were both back in Tangier, having completed their missions. As had been our habit, that night we showed ourselves in the café frequented by spies. We usually left the café at 11:30. Everything was ready for the departure: suitcases, arms, pamphlets. The only thing lacking was a change of clothes so that everyone would look like solid, middle-class travelers. Rochy, the other woman "commando," went along disguised as a veiled Moorish woman. She would help with the departure and then inform me by telephone how things had gone. She had wanted to go along with the rest and has not pardoned me yet for having picked her for this less risky part of the mission, which she alone could carry out with the requisite care and intelligence.



Bastion: S. F. Chronicle

"Sir, with your kind permission, I smell smoke!"

After a night of terrible self-inquiry, I finally received a call at ten in the morning from Rochy. Our comrades had left and everything had been perfect. They were aloft in a sky as blue as the eyes of a Swedish blonde — just as we had asked for in our prayers to the Virgin.

LET US go on to what was taking place inside the *Mousinho de Albuquerque*, a four-engine craft of the Portuguese Air Transport Company. It had been agreed that no move should be made until the plane was over Portuguese territory. Everything was going as planned, in a most natural way. The "commandos" had taken their tactical positions: Palma and Camilo in seats near the cabin, Martins and Maria Helena in the rear, Amandio and Fernando (Maria's husband) in the center.

Thirty-five minutes before arrival in Lisbon, Palma and Camilo entered the pilot's cabin and shut the door behind them. Gun in hand, Palma took command, energetically but always with courtesy. (There was no resistance, which would have been useless in any case; the captain of a plane who acts with honor can really do nothing in these circumstances except surrender in the interests of his passengers and ship.) The passengers did not even know what was going on. A half-hour later the plane was flying over Lisbon. Only then did the passengers learn what was taking place. The other "commandos," each with an assigned role (including that of reassuring passengers and crew) then began working with precision and prepared to drop the pamphlets over Lisbon.

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The *Mousinho de Albuquerque* flew at an altitude of 300 feet over the capital and, upon previously selected sections of the city, dropped thousands of pamphlets urging the people to abstain as protest against the electoral farce and to help us in our efforts for freedom. Those in the plane could see the inhabitants of the city looking up at them. There was no trouble from the passengers; some of them even seemed to be enjoying themselves. A magnificent sun of Indian summer showed off Lisbon in all the charm of her beauty. Our people on board were busy, but calm and happy. Maria Helena, who along with her husband was flying for the first time, was shaken and became seasick from the bumps and turns of the plane. She had to throw herself to the floor in order not to drop the papers she was holding. Her husband helped her. Amadio, who was still recovering from a recent automobile accident, had to carry out his job and at the same time comfort the pretty hostess, who was having a moment of weakness and fright. Big Martins — all two hundred pounds of him — smiled and was impressive with his mere presence. Camilo, with a mournful look, remembered the *Santa Maria* and was sorry that things were as peaceful as on a picnic. Palma, leader of the airborne group, guided the craft's flight with a tranquil smile.

The plane then crossed the Tagus and unloaded another thousand pamphlets on the industrial city of Barreiro, my own native region. Heading south, it repeated the operation over cities in Beja, Faro, Alentejo and Algarve. The gasoline reserves of the aircraft made a more extensive flight impossible. It was necessary to return to Morocco. In the meantime Salazar's henchmen had ordered jet fighters from the airbase at Ota to chase us. What had they planned to do? Would they shoot down the *Mousinho de Albuquerque* with our people on board — and with them, its passengers and crew? This would have been a typical Salazar stunt. As it turned out, the pursuit planes only lost a little time and gasoline in the chase.

On the dot of 12:30, the exact time we had planned for the return, the *Mousinho de Albuquerque* landed neatly on the airstrip at Tangier, as calmly and as nicely as if it had just come from Casablanca. Everything had taken place in less than three hours and with clocklike precision.

Between ten o'clock and noon, along with representatives of the National Security and the Governor of Tangier, I had done everything necessary for the reception of the aircraft. The authorities did not know what to do. This case was something new for Morocco and it was necessary to consult with the government at Rabat, but they were busy there with the marriage of one of the royal princes.

The passengers disembarked after having been delayed even less time than is often the case during adverse weather conditions, and I boarded the plane to embrace my comrades and hear their story. Palma, calm and smiling as usual, simply said, "Mission completed."

The decisive victory was yet to be won, but all in all another splendid battle had gone our way.

Creeping Socialists on the Right . . *by John J. Lindsay*

A JOLLY GAMBIT indulged in by conservative members of Congress—even those so far out they have to come back to attend meetings of the John Birch Society—is to denounce in ringing tones anything that smacks of federal aid to this or that —all the time making very certain they get their share.

There was a time when these intellectual gymnasts of the Right were in bad shape from the legislative standpoint. The only federal-aid program worth mentioning then was the annual public-works grab, and there just wasn't enough to go around. Still, if a man with enough seniority played his cards right, he could nail down a substantial piece of the public largess to clear the South Branch of lily pads and perhaps dredge the clam shells out of the harbor; it was all in good fun, anyway.

Now all that is changed. With the fantastic expansion of federal defense spending in the cold-war era, it's a poor anti-federal-spender who can't make three speeches a week against the "big spenders," "creeping socialism" and federal aid to anything—and at the same time knock down $10 million or so a year in federal aid in behalf of those splendid old rock-ribbed, anti-federal-spending constituents who sent them there to guard the public treasury.

Three major defense-type programs now augment—not displace, mind you — the crude, old-fashioned public-works pork barrel.

One is the so-called military-construction program—a sort of game, apparently, in which land, sea and air bases are closed in one area by Administrative fiat, only to be built elsewhere to perform much the same function. In the current fiscal year alone, this construction amounted to a nut of nearly $1 billion that even the most conservative anti-spenders could crack for their constituencies—in the interest of national defense, of course. Most of them managed quite well.

THE second of the big programs is closely related to the first: federal aid to school districts suddenly jammed with the children of federal civilian employees, or military personnel, who probably wouldn't be there to need help if the Congressman crying for federal school aid hadn't lobbied for the military installation in the first place. Of course, no Congressman supporting this program calls it "Federal Aid to Education"; no self-respecting conserva-

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tive could vote for anything like that. So the program is called by its official title: "Federally Impacted-Areas Program." Anyone could vote for that!

The third and largest of the new pork barrels parades under the noble title of "Military Procurement," and no one knows exactly how much the federal government pours into selected areas of the country in this form of economic aid. A round figure for this year is $12.5 billion, but there is much overlapping from year to year.

ALL THESE programs have several things in common. For one thing, whatever else they may be called, they are federal aid to something or other. And they are so deeply wedded to the economy of the areas receiving the money that their withdrawal would cause serious dislocations. Secondly, they may all be wrapped conveniently in the American flag to make a vote for them acceptable to the constituents of the treasury "watchdogs." Who's going to knock patriotism? Thirdly, they provide the anti-big-spenders with a ready made, built-in economic-aid program to strengthen their resolve to oppose *other* kinds of federal aid—the kind that somehow always seems to strike at the very foundations of the American Way of Life.

Take the Georgia delegation to the House of Representatives, as an example. Two years ago the delegation rose as one in righteous wrath to vote unanimously against an honestly labeled federal-aid-to-schools construction program. Thunderbolts were hurled from the conservative heaven on the heads of the wild-eyed spenders who would attempt to foist federal control on the school systems of the several states.

How nice it was to be sitting there with nothing but four aces! Previously, the delegation had racked up the votes necessary to assure the state nearly $500 million a year in civilian and military payrolls at Georgia military bases; almost $6 million a year of "Federally Impacted-Area" money (the impact having been caused by the military bases); nearly $200 million in military procurement contracts, and a $1 billion federal contract to a Georgia aircraft company. And as if that were not enough, the state also got $10.5 million for military-construction projects.

One is constrained to believe that Georgia's good fortune is due less to its own virtue than to that of Representative Carl Vinson, the dean of the delegation and of the House. And Representative Vinson's supreme virtue is that he is Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee.

Vinson, incidentally, is not above the questionable taste of jabbing at states equally fortunate in obtaining federal-aid programs. Last year, as the monotonous litany of Texas military bases was being reeled off during a reading of the military-construction bill, one committee wag said softly: "This sounds like the Texas state budget." Vinson replied as drily: "It is."

Indeed, Texas, which has produced some of the most violent critics of federal spending in or out of the John Birch Society, has reason to be happy with the results of the anti-pro-spending dichotomy of its Congressional delegation. During the last fiscal year, over $2 billion flowed into the state under the various military—or federal-aid—programs. This made it relatively easy for the state's House delegation to cast a solid negative vote on the last federal-aid-to-education bill that reached the floor. (The delegation's task was not made any more difficult, certainly, by the fact that part of the royalties from off-shore oil supports the state's educational system, not to mention the federal-aid subsidy that oil producers receive in the form of the 27½ per cent depletion allowance.)

BUT WHEN mentioning these federal-aid programs, it is impossible to overlook sunny California, the "Big Daddio" of the big federal-aid recipients. Last year, more than $6.5 billion found their way to the Golden State. But there is a difference here: most of the state's House delegation had the common decency to recognize this largess for what it was. They were not so self-deluded as to believe that the money was essentially different from funds voted under other federal-aid programs. So, of the eighteen members of the House from California who voted for the state's $38 million in federal aid to schools in impacted areas, twelve of them—mostly Democrats—had voted for the school-construction bill in the previous Congress. Three Republicans—Baldwin, Gubser and Mailliard—also voted for the federal school-aid bill.

Significantly, the three California Congressmen — all Republicans — whose districts stood to gain the most from the impacted-area program, voted for it—and, the year before, had voted *against* the straightforward school-construction bill. Rep. James Utt's district was slated for $4.5 million in "impacted-area" money; Rep. Charles M. Teague's, over $5 million, and Bob Wilson's — Wilson two weeks ago chewed up the Kennedy Administration for its spending policies — nearly $6 million.

Ordinarily one couldn't wring a "yes" vote for federal aid from this trio with a double hammer lock. They voted for the impacted-area money with alacrity.

THE MOST vulnerable of the programs is the impacted-area aid. Even conservatives who never voted for any other kind of federal aid are having difficulty justifying this particular handout. And with good reason: One can't spend a political lifetime shouting "fiscal irresponsibility" at the Executive Department, and continue to support a federal handout that both Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy have said publicly ought to be eliminated or sharply curtailed.

The program probably was justified when new military installations posed problems of school construction and teacher needs, but the question is being asked more frequently now: "When does an area cease to be 'impacted'?" The obvious answer is that as soon as there are enough schools to absorb the children of federal military and civilian employees, there is no real justification for continued spending. At that point the problem, in the view of such as Rep. Frank Thompson, Jr. (D., N.J.), becomes a problem of financing general education. When that happens the honest thing to do is obtain funds—if money is needed—under a straightforward, open federal-aid-to-

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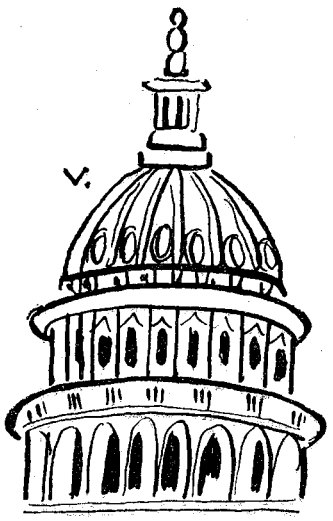
education bill. Rep. Herbert C. Bonner (D., N.C.) condemned the impacted-area program on the House floor last summer as a "duck and a dodge."

Painfully, the conservatives were forced to stand up and defend it. Rep. Joel T. Broyhill of Virginia, self-styled "Harry Byrd Republican" (one of the great redundancies of our day) sought to explain how "different" impacted-area school money was from just plain, old ordinary federal aid to schools. It seems that federal aid to impacted areas becomes an "obligation" of the federal government because the "impaction" is federally caused. And furthermore,



said Broyhill, there is none of that nonsense about federal control of state education under the impacted-area program.

Aside from Broyhill's damaging (in the conservatives' view) admission that federal control need not necessarily follow federal aid to education, the whole argument that the "impaction" was "federally caused" needs examination. Just what horrors did the federal government visit on Ole Virginny that it must make amends with more federal aid?

Taking fiscal 1960, the record shows this: The federal government poured nearly $1.2 billion into the Old Dominion in the form of military and civilian payrolls for those working on military bases, and in military-procurement contracts. Taking into consideration these and other benefits paid back into the state by the federal government, each Virginia taxpayer wound up by paying about three cents on the tax dollar for federal government programs elsewhere.

Under the impacted-area program, Virginia received about $17 million last year, of which nearly $8 million went to Broyhill's district (the grants are for two years). Needless to say, he voted for the program—and a year earlier, along with the rest of the Virginia delegation, had voted against the honestly labeled federal--aid-to-schools construction bill.

ANOTHER curious sidelight on these federal-aid programs is that some of the proceeds are undoubtedly financing right-wing attacks on the Kennedy Administration. In a recent article on the case of Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker, the officer who quit the Army in a huff and launched a campaign against "Communists" and "Socialists" allegedly influencing the decisions of the Administration, Alistair Cooke of the *Manchester Guardian*, wrote:

> When he [Walker] is asked where the money is to come from to finance his bid for power, he declares that "America is bigger than money," but meanwhile displays dollar bills and crumpled cheques pinned to a pack of letters, many of them illiterate, from Texas, Arizona, California, Louisiana and Arkansas.

Somewhere in those contributions is money that the donor could not have afforded to give had it not been for federal aid of one kind or another. For this is money from the dust-bowl and underpriviliged rural areas into which, in days past, the federal government poured hundreds of millions for irrigation, flood control, land erosion and rural electrification. Somehow, the residents had managed, in those days, to endure the painful experience of federal aid without losing their political freedoms. Now they see in similar programs—except those affecting their own welfare, of course—the awful hand of federal oppression.

Another sidelight of the military program is that it gives military brass an opportunity to present to the grass roots its own version of how the country should be run. In effect, the Administration, by providing air, sea and land bases throughout the country, is providing the military politicos with ready-made platforms from which to launch their propaganda. The conservatives, the anti-spenders, are becoming absolute geniuses at the difficult task of having their cake—and eating it, too.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

American alike), I can think of no group whom it would be more difficult to libel. If Mr. Abt gets around among U.S. scientist-technicians and hears no talk of the advantage of the offense over the defense, of first-strike capability and pre-emptive war, of acceptable losses and the like, he has been remarkably fortunate in his associations. I do not share his complacency.

Brewster, N.Y. CARL DREHER

Women Workers

Dear Sirs: It is surprising to find a writer in *The Nation* (Walter Buckingham, "White-Collar Automation," Jan. 6) repeating the old false clichés about women workers. Women clerks do not consider their jobs temporary except as they are haunted by the fear of unemployment and the same general fear that affects us all — the threat of nuclear weapons. Mr. Buckingham goes on to state that "Typically, the married ones work to supplement the family income until their husbands get a raise." Of course they work to supplement the family income, but it is to help send the children to college, to help pay off the mortgage, to help meet the down payments on household appliances, etc. In fact, their helpmeet activities go on for a long, long time; most likely until death do us part. Finally, Mr. Buckingham dismisses the unmarried women workers by saying that they are only working until they get a proposal of marriage. Since the average age of working women in the United States today is over thirty-five, and since the average age for marriage has now been lowered to eighteen or nineteen, there is a slight discrepancy here, is there not? Unmarried women over thirty-five will be delighted to hear that that marriage proposal is just around the corner.

New York City EVE MERRIAM

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Innocents in Orbit

MEN OF SPACE. By Shirley Thomas. Chilton Company-Book Division. 3 Vols. 720 pp. *$3.95* ea.

Carl Dreher

THE AUTHOR of this large work is a handsome California aviatrix, one of the few women to have flown faster than the speed of sound. On paper she is more in the primary-trainer class. Her writing is uninspired and at times ludicrous, as when she tells us that a subject's passion for rocketry spans a quarter of a century: "a fact hard to realize while observing his youthful vigor and crew haircut." Her perorations are parodies as they stand. All thirty biographies are put together on one pattern, like ranch houses in a cheap development. The materials, too, are standardized — folksy portraits of Mom and Dad, the early frustrations of the biographee, a popular-science account of the wizardry which got him into this hall of fame, and a final tribute in the style of the more fulsome introductions at trade association banquets.

I want to get these annoyances out of the way because, once you become anesthetized to them, they do not detract fatally from the real and timely virtues of the books. All inspirational biographical literature lacks psychological and social depth and has other inherent faults, but it is an old, respectable and useful genre. *Men of Space* belongs with Samuel Smiles's *Lives of the Engineers*, published exactly a century ago. Smiles is absurd at times, but if you have not read him you will hardly be able to understand British capitalism, or you will have to learn about it at greater expense by other means. Miss Thomas has researched and interviewed to such good effect that one can now find in one place the basic data on twenty-eight men of space — I say twenty-eight because John von Neumann was primarily a mathematical physicist and Edward Teller is a nuclear weapons man. A fourth volume is announced for June.

The selection, in which Miss Thomas was assisted by an advisory committee, ranges from fliers like the X-15 test pilot A. Scott Crossfield (75 per cent of the pilots he has known are dead), Alan B. Shepard, Jr., Charles E. Yeager and Yuri Gagarin (Titov and Grissom didn't made the deadline) to rocket pioneers like Konstantin Edouardovich Tsiolkovsky and Robert H. Goddard. There are aerospace scholars like Theodore von Kármán, William H. Pickering, C. Stark Draper and James A. Van Allen and scientist-engineer-administrators, both civilian and military: Bernard A. Schriever, Simon Ramo, Arthur Kantrowitz. Well represented, also, are the imported German spacemen: Krafft A. Ehricke, Wernher von Braun, Walter R. Dornberger. Perhaps most interesting are the aerospace physicians: W. Randolph Lovelace, Don D. Flickinger and the *sui generis* John Paul Stapp.

Here, then, are the makers of the space age, to date. They are not Walt Whitman's architects who were to appear for the glory of the Republic when the materials were ready, but they have the advantage of being real. In maturity the space age may gestate its poets and dreamers but, just now, these are the men it has produced and who are producing it, and Miss Thomas is a suitable guide. It is perhaps a good thing that a woman undertook the task, and that it was this particular woman, for what is essentially an international job is done with an effort to be catholic and with only echoes of the cold war. There are a good many full-blown bitches in the writing game. Miss Thomas is not one of them.

WHAT marks these heterogeneous specimens as a group? Intellect and personality vary, although all are astute and some are also wise. Optimism and good adjustment are what they have most conspicuously in common. There is not a neurotic among them and of course not a rebel: all have been screened again and again. A confident lot. None seems to be at all worried about the future, but their optimism does not reassure me. I remember similar optimisms under less dangerous circumstances. When Ehricke, whose qualification as historian and prophet is that he worked for the Third Reich until it went out of business, assures us that "it is a historical fact that man's mind and spirit grow with the space in which he is allowed to operate," I am reminded of the radio pioneers who were equally certain, forty years ago, that with the better communications they were creating, war would fall into desuetude. World War II followed and World War III is cocked and only waiting for some contemporary optimist to pull the trigger.

Ehricke goes on buoyantly: ". . . the best way to develop man, I feel, is by exposing him to new challenges." This used to be the way in which children were taught to swim, but they were not thrown into the water a mile from shore. The scientists leave the current challenge to the politicians, who have not yet reached a degree of social comprehension that might be adequate to deal with the pre-nuclear, pre-rocket technology of the thirties. The more philosophical spacemen would be well advised to divert some of their innovational spirit to the problems their technology has raised.

I AM ALL for man's venturing into space, getting to the moon at least, later to Venus and Mars, perhaps eventually to the outer planets. I do not agree with Lewis Mumford's view that under conditions of interplanetary travel "life would again narrow down to the physiological functions of breathing, eating, and excretion. . . . From a mummy in his tomb one can still gather more of the attribute of a full human being than from a spacemen." This is differentiated by its humanism from the reactionism of wealthy businessmen; but it is reactionism just the same. Whatever their limitations, the spacemen are creating a way of life which, to future generations, may seem to have greater amplitude than ours, as our way of life exceeds in physical amplitude that of the Victorians. Besides, it is futile to try to swim against the current of a primal human urge. Better to go along and try to direct it, insofar as possible.

For the present, few will participate actively in space life. Even among the space leaders, only some picked specimens of manhood can hope to fly into the airless realm, so much vaster than our shallow layer of atmosphere. Where distances are measured in light-minutes, not to speak of light-years, our stratum of sky is a mere molecular film on an insignificant satellite of an insignificant star, yet it contains man's most precious resource — a mixture of gases of breathable composition and pressure. To transport it, or manufacture it *in situ* on a mass scale, seems so large an undertak-

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ing that it cannot be envisioned as practical in the calculable future. When Kantrowitz, an expert on re-entry who is endowed with a generally discerning mind, talks of assembling cities in orbit so that a "great portion" of mankind will eventually live in space, he is so far out that it is a waste of time to dispute with him.

What we can foresee without exceeding the elastic limit of the imagination is an era in which a few heroes will rocket into the unknown (previously surveyed by robots and chimpanzees) and the earthbound billions will enjoy — at very considerable expense — a spectator sport beside which horse racing and football will seem utterly juvenile. Life on earth may be enhanced in other technical and socio-economic ways, but the boons will not be gratuitous. With the geometrical expansion of machines and techniques, the era is likely to be one of instrumental knowledge in aggregations so vast that only intensely collective effort will be able to cope with it. The outlook, then, is for an age of imperious organization to which love, music and poetry will have to accommodate themselves as best they may, perhaps in forms quite different from those developed in the previous few millenia of civilization. It seems a dangerous experiment for a species so frail, immature and quarrelsome, but perhaps the transitions can be made and the space-oriented life will be better than ours. After all, it is not saying much.

Daruma

Daruma
found object
that is art

for good luck

Peter's sen
Ami
Ren

Will:

a bit
of rock

air
fire
water
sun

slow
ember

when a
butterfly

became
his wings

aye

knew he'd have

to go
to you

seven (?)
years ago

wearing
the
jacket

I'm
wearing
here

Hear?

Louis Zukofsky

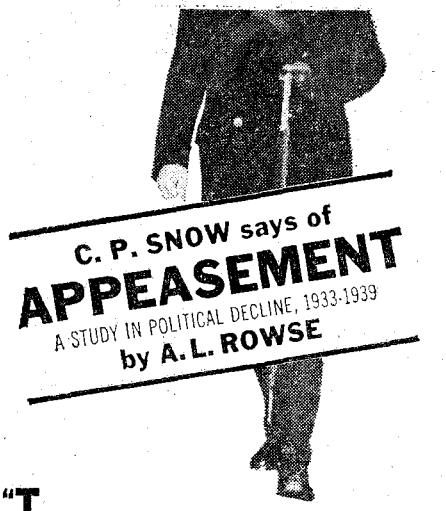
MISS THOMAS does not concern herself with these speculations. She accepts what the biographees tell her in *tabula rasa* fashion. This method has its advantages for the reader; we see the men pretty much as they are. Nothing comes between us and Wernher von Braun when he asks, "Do you think scientists should be blamed for war? Einstein? He looked for fundamental truths, and his formula was used for the atomic bomb." That reveals more about von Braun than about Einstein. I am willing to believe von Braun when he protests that most of the scientists assembled at Peenemünde were more interested in rocket development for space flight than in devising weapons for Hitler, but isn't there a difference between von Braun's willing, or at least acquiescent, dedication of his considerable talents to the cause of German fascism right up to the day of defeat, and Einstein's reluctant and remorseful (and minor) role in what seemed to be a necessary counter to a possible Fascist domination of the earth?

Dornberger, the commanding general at Peenemünde before he came to love Uncle Sam, is downright comical in his apologetics. The majority of his scientists preferred capture by the Allies, he tells us, for cultural reasons. They were men "educated with a Western flavor and culture," he explains. "We loved that. We didn't fit, as Germans, into the slavish picture of the Russians. Our decision to go West had nothing to do with economy. It was the cultural aspect that was the decisive factor." The British nearly hanged him, despite his devotion to Western culture, but he was spared and is now a vice president of an American corporation combating the Russian menace.

Russians, Germans and Americans, Miss Thomas admires all her subjects with an undiscriminating enthusiasm. Among the Americans, however, a few stand out for reasons other than preeminence in electronics, rocketry, administration and the like. One is Simon Ramo, who is possessed of a brilliant, versatile, articulate mind. He has made his million as a scientist-administrator; if he cared to go in for broader concerns, the outlook would be that much more hopeful. Then there is Dr. Lovelace, who made his first jump at 40,000 feet in World War II in an effort to find out whether a flier had a better chance opening his parachute at that altitude or falling free to 20,000 feet. A practicing surgeon and medical director, he has had much to do with selection of the Project Mercury astronauts.

Among these subjects, however, Colonel Stapp is probably the best exhibit for the hope that men may become more human as they became more technological, or at least remain as human as they were before. Stapp is the sled man, the specialist in deceleration and his own experimental subject. He got up to 46 g's before the Air Force stopped him. The fillings flew from his teeth, his ribs snapped, his eyes hemorrhaged. His wrist was broken twice. The second time he set it himself on the way to the hospital. He came very close to emulating the second lieutenant of whom it was said that in addition to all his other duties, he died.

Stapp is the son of a missionary and was extremely poor in his youth. As a medical student he frequently ate the guinea pigs he dissected. "If it breathed,



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it had protein," he says, "and if it had protein, I ate it." In accordance with a vow he made, he has continued to practice medicine and has never taken pay for such services. He is a sort of missionary himself, in the Air Force. The mark of the true missionary is that he does not feel himself superior to the aborigines. Stapp is at home in the Air Force and in a sense redeems it. His personal philosophy has broad reference:

> Courage for living comes from the realization that every difficulty overcome brings increased equanimity toward lesser distresses that daily beset us. The worst one could be called upon to bear can be no more than what has already been borne and, having survived that, why succumb to lesser ills? From the totality of events, let good experience be refined and accumulated as a memory of happiness and a beginning of wisdom.

Coming from an authentic spaceman, this improves the prognosis a bit.

The Virtues of History

WHAT IS HISTORY? By Edward Hallett Carr. Alfred A. Knopf. 209 pp. $3.50.

David M. Potter

WHEN E. H. Carr, fellow of Trinity College, asks "What is History?" he seems at first to mean, in an academic sense: What is the craft of the historian? But he ends by meaning: How can we best understand the forces at work in the world in a dimension of time? In the brief space of six lectures (the George Macaulay Trevelyan Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge, January-March, 1961) he tackles half a dozen of the most fundamental questions concerning the interpretation of human social experience. He handles each of these with such mastery as we seldom see, and his little book is one of those rare works which one can with assurance predict will be regarded as basic for years to come.

To state Carr's topics is, in some ways, to do him an injustice, for they are well-worn themes, while his approach to them is fresh to a stunning degree. He runs a gamut of debated questions: the problem of "facts" versus subjectivism in history; the extent to which history is or can be a science; the use of moral judgment by the historian; historical causation, and the interplay of deterministic and "accidental" factors; does history have direction, or as we used to say, does it deal with progress?; what are the historical implications of the currently fashionable cults of futility and the irrational?

Carr's treatment is superlatively precise, lucid and penetrating. His pages are packed with dazzling insights and with the devastating onslaughts of a *vieux terrible* who does not hesitate to ridicule whole battalions of eminent historians: Herbert Butterfield, Arnold Toynbee, Miss Wedgwood, A. J. P. Taylor, Hugh Trevor-Roper, Samuel Eliot Morison; and especially Sir Isaiah Berlin and Karl Popper. (His gibes have earned him wounds in the English critical press.)

In his first lecture, Mr. Carr states with new force a view that is now generally accepted among historians, namely that history cannot be objectively factual, for "the facts are really not at all like fish on the fishmonger's slab. They are like fish swimming about in a vast and sometimes inaccessible ocean; and what the historian catches will depend partly on chance, but mainly on what part of the ocean he chooses to fish in, and what tackle he chooses to use — these two factors being, of course, determined by the kind of fish he wants to catch."

Since history uses facts, but is not simply factual, it follows that history is a "continuing process of interaction between the historian and his facts, an unending dialogue between the present and the past." Also, since the individual historian is inextricably enmeshed in his society, the dialogue is "not between abstract and isolated individuals, but between the society of today and the society of yesterday. . . . The past is intelligible to us only in the light of the present, and we can fully understand the present only in the light of the past."

Almost invariably, the historian is impelled to evaluate his story and to explain it, and these processes involve him in the problems of moral judgment and of causation. As to moral judgment, Mr. Carr does not doubt that the historian must apply it, but he insists that the criterion of judgment must itself be derived from the context of history and not from any metaphysical or supra-historical source: "the moral precepts which we apply in history or in everyday life are like cheques on a bank: they have a printed and a written part. The printed part consists of abstract words like liberty and equality, justice and democracy. These are essential categories. But the cheques are valueless until we fill in the other part, which states how much liberty we propose to allocate to whom, whom we recognize as our equals, and up to what amount. The way in which we fill in the cheque from time to time is a matter of history. The process by which specific historical content is given to abstract moral conceptions is a historical process."

AS TO causation, Mr. Carr does not equivocate concerning the historian's duties: "The study of history," he says, "is a study of causes," and he agrees with Voltaire's comment on purely descriptive history: "If you have nothing to tell us except that one barbarian succeeded another on the banks of the Oxus and Jaxartes, what is that to us?" But his commitment to the explanation of causes involves him in the treacherous questions of determinism and of accidental factors in history. On these questions, he reaches the apex of his brilliance, but perhaps not of his mastery. As to free will and determinism, he denies the antithesis: "all human actions are both free [in the sense that moral responsibility is involved] and determined [in the sense that they have antecedent causes], according to the point of view from which one considers them." For every historical situation, there is an infinity of background causes and it is therefore the business of the historian to judge the relative importance of these causes, "Just as, from the infinite ocean of facts, the historian selects those which are significant for his purpose, so from the multiplicity of sequences of cause and effect, he extracts those, and only those, which are historically significant; and the standard of historical significance is his ability to fit them into his pattern of rational explanation and interpretation." About "accidental" factors, he argues that the historian should disregard them because they are entirely unique — factors "which cannot be generalized" — and that they are "not rational," as opposed to causative factors which are rational. But I would suggest that by a "rational" factor he means simply one originating within the context which has been set up for study, and by "not rational," one which intrudes from another context. If so, this may become a very arbitrary way of ridding oneself

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of considerations which one prefers not to deal with.

As one nears the end of his discussion, one begins to perceive that Mr. Carr is as traditional in his values as he is iconoclastic and irreverent in his manner. Here is a man who is not merely discoursing on "historical method," but is reasserting society's primary need for history. As such, he is defending history against all comers — against the literalists who assign to the historian the humble task of compiling "facts"; against the subjectivists, who see history as a mere screen on which the historian projects an unreined imagination; against the philosophers, who would import moral values to be superimposed upon the historical record; against the irrationalists, who deny that there is a direction and pattern in history; and finally against the opportunists who emphasize history when it is running in their favor but who reject it when it tells of a world upheaval that may overwhelm them. (Readers of *1066 and All That* will recall that history came to a . when England ceased to be top nation. This may be true, as Mr. Carr protests, for the History faculty at Cambridge but not for him.)

Scarcely less high and scarcely less demanding than the function he assigns to history is the role that he assigns to the historian. Not merely one who "gets his facts right," but rather one who "chooses the right facts, or in other words applies the right standards of social significance," the historian becomes society's moderator between the past and the present. Indeed, there is a strong parallel between Carr's concept of the historian and the usual concept of the statesman. Carr's historian must make judgments quite similar to the judgments of statesmanship, which is, after all, the art of the possible — the art of estimating correctly how much play there is in the situations which the past has transmitted to us.

If this is what it takes to make historians, we must recognize that they cannot be made in school, any more than statesmen, and that the great ones will be as few as the great statesmen. As Benjamin Franklin observed: "Lawyers, preachers, and tomtit eggs. There are more of these hatched than come to perfection."

Current Titles of Interest to *Nation* Readers

GOMILLION versus LIGHTFOOT. Bernard Taper. McGraw Hill. $3.75.

The story of the Tuskegee Gerrymander Case from its inception in 1957 through the Supreme Court decision of 1960. A shorter version appeared first in *The New Yorker.*

MEN WHO MAKE US RICH. Edward Ziegler. Macmillan. $4.95.

The author defines his book as an inquiry into "the changing class structure, intellectual structure, and personal style of life of Americans." The work is divided into four main sections: the realignment of classes, the changes in industrial institutions, Americans as producers and consumers, the causes of opulence. Mr. Ziegler has written for *The Nation.*

CUBA: PROPHETIC ISLAND. Waldo Frank. Marzani & Munsell. $3.50.

In 1959, Waldo Frank, one of the most eminent of writers on South and Latin America, was given a grant by the Castro government to enable him to write a contemporary history of Cuba. His book, which in fact contains a brief history of Cuba from its origins, is not uncritical of Castro and the other new leaders. Its general position, however, is one of admiration for the recent revolution, understanding and respect for the men now in power.

FREEDOM AND PROTECTION: THE BILL OF RIGHTS. Andrew D. Weinberger. Chandler Publishing Co., San Francisco. $3 cloth. $1.75 paper.

A concise and orderly compilation of recent civil liberties cases, with an excellent introductory essay and with useful preliminary notes for the various types of cases.

THE NONCONFORMERS: Articles of Dissent. Edited by David Evanier and Stanley Silverzweig. Ballantine Books. 50c paper.

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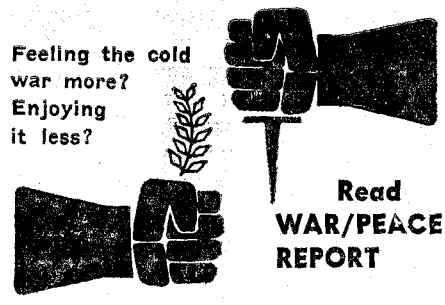
A scholarly work, of special interest to *Nation* readers. The magazine, under E. L. Godkin, was one of the few American publications that did not attempt to block civil service reform. The index contains a page of references attesting to the fact that *The Nation* "early and consistently supported civil service reform."

A TALENT FOR LOVING. Richard Condon. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

This preposterous novel is a spoof of every facet of the "Western" tradition. The cream of the jest is that the book in its own right is a first-rate adventure yarn.

THE AMERICAN ULTRAS. Irwin Suall. Introduction by Norman Thomas. New America. 75c.

This pamphlet brings into one focus the several organizations and various individuals now flourishing on the radical Right. It indicates their connections with one another and with the military-industrial complex, explains their motives, describes their methods, reviews their utterances and shows where their propaganda is most effective.



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Junkie Beware

THE DRUG EXPERIENCE. Edited by David Ebin. The Orion Press. 385 pp. $5.95.

Nelson Algren

THE novelist William Burroughs, at one time himself a terminal addict, once inquired of a member of an American medical commission in Mexico, a man earning $600 a month, plus expenses: "How long will the epidemic last?"

"As long as we can keep it going. Maybe it will break out in South America," Burroughs quotes the reply.

The single commodity of which the more you have the more you have to have, the only goody a buyer will crawl through sewers and fight off rats to buy, the article so ideal you don't have to advertise it — the ultimate merchandise — is the illegal drug.

That the traffic in it therefore operates upon the same principles as the traffics in soap or real estate can hardly come as a complete surprise. Let the buyer beware is the chief idea.

The Drug Experience is an exhaustive presentation of first-hand reactions to narcotics, hypnotics, the synthetic hallucinogen LSD-25 and sacred mushrooms. If there is anything you haven't been hooked on, this volume will serve as an excellent reference work.

In addition to De Quincey's classic account of his addiction to opium, there is the even classier account, translated here for the first time, of Theophile Gautier's report of the *Club Des Haschischins* whose membership also included Victor Hugo, Honoré de Balzac and Baudelaire. Gautier's visions encouraged his concept of "art for art's sake." After which the club closed down.

"Junk is like God," a young woman once assured me, "it makes a place in your heart. You know you got to be punished for it, but you go on believing all the same." The association of drugs and religious belief is demonstrated here by Baudelaire's experience, among others: ". . . a final supreme thought bursts from the dreamer's brain — *I have become God!*"

"May not the sacred mushroom or some other natural hallucinogen have been the original element in all the Holy Suppers of the world?" another user inquires.

The over-all impression lent by this volume is that its literary value is greater than its medical use. These cries of distress are real. They make one recall Dostoevsky's protest — "And do you know it is impossible to charge man with sins, to burden him with debts and turning the other cheek, when society is organized so meanly he cannot help but perpetrate villainies; when economically he is brought to villainy and that it is silly and cruel to demand of him that which he is impotent to perform."

If we just keep it going it may break out in South America.

NELSON ALGREN is completing Who Lost an American?, *a report on Europe to be published by Macmillan.*

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I RECOMMEND *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl* (East 11th Street Theatre) to your attention. Its author, Errol John, was born in the British West Indies and was long a resident of Trinidad. He wrote the play in London, where some years ago it won the *Observer* play contest and where it was produced at the Royal Court Theatre.

The play is laid in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, and is a realistic group picture of poor folk in that country. Several neighbors are huddled together in backyard shacks of a property owned by Old Mack, a well-to-do landlord who also runs a café. Sophia Adams takes care of her bright little daughter of high-school age while she mothers her husband, Charlie, who once qualified as a champion cricket player. Having insisted on his rights as an athlete (regardless of color), he has been discreetly disqualified from further big-time competition and gone to seed. Ephraim, in the middle of the yard, is a street car conductor who plans to escape the wretched life of the colonial workman and to go forth to a less confined career in England. He plans this despite the fact that he has had an affair with Sophia Adams' immediate and favorite neighbor, a young woman who works at Old Mack's Café, and has made her pregnant. For Ephraim to stay on in the yard and to marry the girl means to be trapped (his chance for a better life ruined) and to be broken as the island has broken Charlie. Across the yard from the Adamses lives Mavis, a sportin' girl, who carries on her trade with laughing effrontery, to the shame and shock of Sophia Adams who resents subjecting her adolescent daughter to the sight of such sinfulness.

All this may seem drab and in no way (aside from the exotic scene) unusual. The situations are not original, nor are the plot developments novel, but the play is not at all drab. With a minimum of sentimentality and no pretentiousness at all, it is humorously and tenderly convincing. As one gets to know the play's people one feels that one has really been introduced to an unfamiliar corner of experience and been enriched by the encounter. The folk in the yard have become our neighbors and our pleasure in their company goes beyond commiseration. This is an unemphatic realism of fine texture. The moon on the rainbow shawl throws an honest light—cleaner and brighter than ordinary stage illumination.

The play profits greatly by a singularly likable production, admirably cast in every role and very well directed by George Roy Hill. The company is exemplary in stamina and sweetness.

Vinette Carroll as Sophia Adams is a pillar of strength (and tart comedy) at the center of the play. James Earl Jones, who has so frequently been seen in off-Broadway productions (*The Pretenders, The Blacks, The Apple*), here gives his most vigorously telling performance as Ephraim—at once angry and sympathetic. Melvin Stewart makes Old Mack obnoxious and somehow charmingly funny. Robert Earl Jones as the withered athlete is pathetic without being abject, and Bill Gunn is altogether winning as Mavis' young man.

Ellen Holly as the wronged girl is attractive and true. Kelly Marie Berry as little Esther is touching without pickaninny cuteness. And Cicely Tyson as the bad girl of the yard dissolves our morals and builds our morale by her prettiness, deviltry, grace and zest.

In short this production is off-Broadway without excuses. If the play had been done on Broadway it would probably have never made the (financial) grade—we should have been the losers.

WHEN I read Friedrich Duerrenmatt's *Romulus* in a literal translation, I was not persuaded that it was a sound modern comedy, but I was interested in its idea and thought it had production possibilities. The idea is markedly diluted in the adaptation Gore Vidal has made and the production Joseph Anthony has directed at the Music Box.

Duerrenmatt's play is the "history" of the last of the Caesars, an emperor committed to inaction and to an ornamental and literal withering away of the state—a most civilized Beatnik! He may cultivate minor arts and domestic accomplishments (like raising chickens), but he will do nothing to sustain or defend his empire. He looks toward its destruction by the Gothic hordes as a

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just and necessary consummation. Rome does not deserve to endure; it no longer represents any positive values. The barbarians are the wave of the future for at least they possess, apart from their absurd slogans, energy and will.

But, lo, Ottakar, the surprisingly intelligent Goth despot, on meeting Romulus, appreciates the breadth of the Roman's vision, and hopes to gain from him some of the advantages which are the patrimony of Rome. Ottakar makes Romulus king of the new realm that must be built on the ruins of the old. They shall coexist. Both must agree not to hold to the memory of their ancient antagonisms nor count too extravagantly on an eventual harmony, but allow the momentary good to be sufficient unto the day.

It was clear in Duerrenmatt's play that he believes the West is coming apart at the seams, and that whatever comfort might lie in the play's "solution" was ironic, perhaps even perfunctory—a compromise for the benefit of the playgoing bourgeoisie.

The acid which provided the Swiss (German) play its substitute for sinew is watered down in the American version by a series of rather feeble topical jokes (about income tax, etc.) pointed at our Broadway audiences. We do not for a moment feel that the downfall of "Rome" is in any way relevant to us; thus the vital nerve of Duerrenmatt's play—its only claim on our consideration—is missing. All that remains is the strain of an aimless sophistication—like wise aleck political after-dinner chatter. The confrontation of the two leaders or forces in the last act, which is supposed to contain the pith and point of the play, thus becomes so much vapid cheer. It is a long time waiting for its "wisdom."

The production is without style even as a spoof. Oliver Smith's set is not sharp enough as caricature, nor bold enough in design, to free itself from the fancy interior decoration of popular high comedies. Though Cyril Ritchard plays the more "meaningful" scenes—the sober side of the play—with commendable intelligence, he is unable with the material at hand to compose a genuine portrait. Howard da Silva as the Goth butcher who turns reassuringly reasonable at the end in pseudo-Shavian fashion makes his role credible by technical security and a straightforward attack, but, since the role really represents nothing concrete, he cannot make it real.

The Best Man "worked" as a show; *Romulus* does not.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

RESTLESS listeners and musicians who long for a magic formula to break the bonds of musical convention find in John Cage's *avant-garde* school the promise of an alluring freedom. There is undeniable charm in the way Cage and his followers casually reverse every fundamental notion about the nature of music, by means of which they claim to have cut cleanly through all musical problems and to have liberated pure expression. Skillful propaganda has gained them a position of influence in the musical world. Young composers forsake the humdrum of academic rigor and come to New York to participate in the explorations and exploits of the master. Artists from outside music, particularly painters of the New York School such as Guston and Rauschenberg, find in Cage's ideas an almost unprecedented affinity between music and the visual arts. Even the European *avant-garde* composers, traditionally contemptuous of American music, respond to this attraction: Karlheinz Stockhausen, the influential leader of the Darmstadt school, recognizes Cage as the most potent force in today's "experimental" music.

Certainly, one can understand how the "new music" of the Cage School has earned its reputation for bold originality. When, during a concert, the performers throw eggs against the wall, move furniture, light bonfires on a darkened stage, or attack a piano inside and out with mallets and screwdrivers, even an audience familiar with the most advanced contemporary music may suspect that something rather special is taking place. Such theatrical effects represent, according to Cage's philosophic writings, a profound displacement of the traditional notion of music as a structural art: it is now intended to "resemble daily experience" in such a way as to "dissolve the difference between art and life." To this end, the new music is also "hospitable to non-musical sounds, noises." Thus, in addition to a predilection for the usual "noise" instruments (those of indeterminate pitch like bass drum or gong), this music favors realistic sounds from "daily experience" — plumbing in operation, street and bedroom noises, etc. — which contribute substantially to the novelty of its effect.

THE techniques of composition and performance employed by Cage and his adherents are as novel as the presentation. Since structure and form, subject to the control of the composer, are central to traditional music, they are unsuitable for music that would be completely new. To guarantee their absence, to insure the randomness of the result, the idea of "aleatoric" music has been adopted, music whose composition and performance are subject to chance. In Cage's *Music for Piano,* for example, the notes were determined by the "imperfections in the paper on which the music was written." Another method is to roll dice, and translate the resultant sequence of numbers into musical notation according to an arbitrary analogy. In these compositions no sound can be predicted from the context of those preceding it, so that events are perceived in a fashion even more random than the experiences of daily life.

Even the most random work, however, might be predictable on second hearing; thus, indeterminacy of performance is also required. The composer's notation is a set of ground rules, to be used by the performer as a basis for free improvisation. For this purpose, musical notation is often replaced by graphic indications of various kinds. Morton Feldman, a charter member of the Cage cir-

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cle, often indicates by dots that, at a given juncture, a high, middle or low sound is to be produced, but leaves it to the performer to determine the actual pitch. The *Duo II for Pianists* by Christian Wolff is indeterminate not only in pitch, dynamics and rhythm, but also in performance time. Like wallpaper, it may be cut to any length necessary to fill the concert time available. The convenience of this procedure in the planning of a program should be self-evident.

ALTHOUGH the thorough application of these devices of perpetual variety might be expected to keep the listener in a state of astonishment, if not of delight, the music itself is most notable for dullness. Despite Cage's elevated verbalisms (". . . urgent, unique, uninformed about history and theory, beyond the imagination, central to a sphere without surface, [a sound's] becoming is unimpeded, energetically broadcast. . ."), more prosaic considerations of psychoacoustics make it clear why boredom is inevitable. In a texture of total differentiation, the ear (or the mind) finds no criterion for similitude. Even when the same sounds recur, they do not remind us of themselves because the lack of context obliterates the sense of their first appearance. Without similitude, there is no basis for differentiation, and thus total differentiation is to all purposes identical with total uniformity.

This general observation was forcefully confirmed in the two most recent experiences I have had with this music (a review in the usual sense is, of course, precluded for music that changes identity from one performance to the next). At a recital given by the gifted violinist Matthew Raimondi at the New School, on January 12, Feldman's *Durations 4* (1961) for violin, cello and vibraphone was presented for the first time. The events in this work are quickly described: for fifteen minutes or so, soft strikings on the vibraphone and pluckings of strings produced an uncoordinated series of quiet sonorities — much what one would expect from these instruments, played at random. Although the sounds were in themselves pleasant and innocuous, the experience after the first few seconds became progressively disconcerting. Unlike structured music, which accelerates the experience of time by filling it with a multitude of events whose urgency is intensified by the tension of formal relations, random music stretches time out by entirely eliminating its points of demarcation. The sensation in *Durations 4* is like that of waiting between trains in an empty station with nothing to do. As time passes, each second becomes increasingly burdensome, a painful wait for something to happen. Worst of all is the realization, when Feldman's music stops, that the train is never going to arrive.

The recorded Cage *Aria* with *Fontana Mix* combines two "independent" pieces. The *Aria* is notated by wavy colored lines on the page, accompanied by nonsense words; the singer is instructed to pay attention to the "score" or not, according to whim. The *Fontana Mix* is like one of Betty Crocker's, an all-purpose combination of noises. On the record, the result is rather like the sound track in an Italian movie where a woman swings down the street humming fragments from opera, jazz and Gregorian chant against the highly amplified noises around her. Obviously, some striking effects can occur by accident, but as soon as one realizes that *anything* can happen, the actual events become a matter of indifference. A sense of unbearable uniformity is the net result—in this work and in every "work" so generated.

The future of this movement may possibly be predicted from its past. Cage claims to represent the tradition of "experimental" music, but his idea of "experimental" is not what the term has meant in music for the last thirty years. One of Cage's most vociferous European supporters, Heinz-Klaus Metzger, defines as experimental "music which by its own terms of reference is an experimental arrangement, and can therefore not foresee the results that will work out in performance." By this sophistry, the Cage school tries to align itself with the tradition represented by Edgard Varese, who also introduced "noise" into his music. But Varese's intent, and that of his real followers, Stefan Wolpe and Ralph Shapey, is to subject such sounds to a process of dissociation from their extramusical sources, to effect a transformation into music of highly recalcitrant elements. When successful, the results are marvelous. Cage's intentions are quite opposite: where Varese turns noise into music, Cage turns music into, literally, noise.

FOR the real tradition of the Cage school, one must look to another twentieth-century tendency, that of radical music, whose principal rationale is to be different and anti-traditional. Ever since the Italian Futurists, back in 1910, this tendency has evinced a progressive deterioration. Its successive postures are ephemeral; quite soon the ways to be different are exhausted and the well runs dry. Unable by its nature to grow organically, to establish a tradition of its own, the movement advances by progressively devouring its own resources. The enthusiastic Futurist manifestoes proclaimed an "Art of Noises," introducing the sounds of "the masses, of industrial shipyards, of railroads, of steamships," etc. Stravinsky remembers a demonstration of Futurist music: "Five phonographs standing on five tables in a large and otherwise empty room emitted digestive noises, static, etc." Both intent and musical results were remarkably like those of our own radicals.

By embracing chance procedures, the Cage school has admitted the final failure of the "radical" movement. At the same time that they have guaranteed the possibility of perpetual differentness, they have had to relinquish all claims to artistic identity, relegating the composer to a role equivalent to that of a page-turner, and reducing the idea of creative freedom to an ultimate absurdity. Suppressing the strong temptation to mere amusement, responsible members of the musical world acknowledge deep concern that this nihilistic splinter group is proving so seductive to so many of our promising young composers.

John Cage: *Aria* with *Fontana Mix:* Cathy Berberian, soprano. On Time S/8003.

Silence (collection of essays and lectures). Wesleyan University Press, 1961.

Morton Feldman: Works on Columbia ML 5403.

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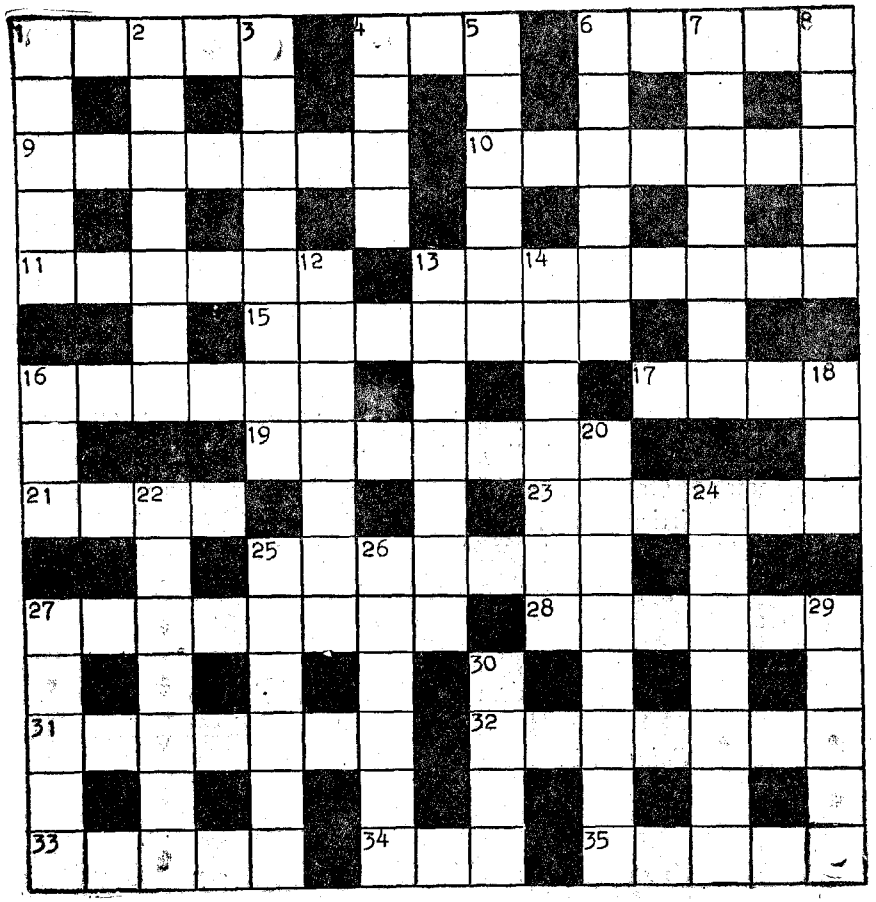
Crossword Puzzle No. 948

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 4 down
4 and 21 Open-handed manner of a friend and partner? (7)
9 An uncertain amount between 12 and 20? (7)
10 The first flower of spring. (7)
11 Gives a lift to a steel construction project? (6)
13 Hide impressions of authority connected with a relative. (8)
15 What the bonnie boat did, evidently (and traveled outside the limit).
16 How to make Hilda a bloomer? (6)
17 See 30 down
19 What the closely pressed might do.
23 For example, fly in with particular faith. (6)
25 True following, in John Peel, but could have been a ringer. (7)
27 Two such should never have a meeting. (8)
28 Why a beginner could never hold a job on the bench? (6)
31 Would a tragic figure cut trees so? (7)
32 Twelfth Night scene. (7)
33 Shot something foolish in me, evidently. (5)
34 German city types? (3)
35 The runner might be coming back to resign. (5)

DOWN:

1 Respite. (5)
2 Charge like the devil, every body!
3 A gaggle of six geese, involved in criticism? (8)
4 and 1 across Fixes what is commonly worthless to make suit, perhaps. (9)
5 Indianapolis racers, napkins, and milk for the cat might be. (6)
6 Failed to be away from home, possibly. (6)
7 A joint of some prominence. (7)
8 How a fowl might be pictured. (5)
12 A wrecked plane is associated with hunting by some. (7)
13 The Mormons made a monument to it. (7)
14 Due to atmospheric action. (7)
16 and 6 across Ornamented, as mother inquired? (8)
18 A little drink for baby? (3)
20 Dignified and high-minded in the end! (8)
22 Gymnasts shouldn't be expected to go straight. (7)
24 Don Marquis said to stroke a platitude until it purrs like one. (7)
25 Cowardly spirit? (6)
26 Temporarily he should be in possession of a quizzical expression, by the sound of it. (6)
27 An introductory discourse on eggs served in the evening. (5)
29 Jefferson wanted justice to all men to be equal and this. (5)
30 and 17 across Wasted like the maid in the tower? (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 947

ACROSS: 1 Caboose; 5 Lily pad; 9 and 21 Wheelwright; 10 Panegyric; 11 and 27 Drop-cloth; 12 Lawbreaker; 14 Posted; 15 On the dot; 17 Riparian; 19 Banker; 22 Chloroform; 23 Scut; 26 Unsparing; 28 Everest; 29 Truffle.
DOWN: 1 Cowed; 2 Bretons; 3 Oils; 4 Espial; 5 Land bank; 6 Loggerhead; 7 Peruked; 8 Decorator; 13 Beargrease; 14 Parachute; 16 Half-pint; 18 Pelisse; 20 Kick-off; 24 Tahoe; 25 Ecru.

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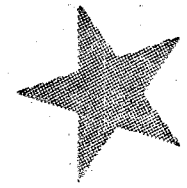

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